

# NATIONAL

SM  
★  
10



OCTOBER  
No. 36

# COMICS

10¢



**EXTRA!**

**UNCLE SAM...**

PLUNGES INTO A  
WEB OF CERTAIN  
**DEATH**  
TO SAVE A ...  
**BRIEF CASE!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



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# Boys! FREE

## 5-POWER TELESCOPE

### WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

# New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN

## Safe Harmless!

**BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR  
NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"**

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

## Send no money To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

### ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART

540 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 1703

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name

Address

City  State

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

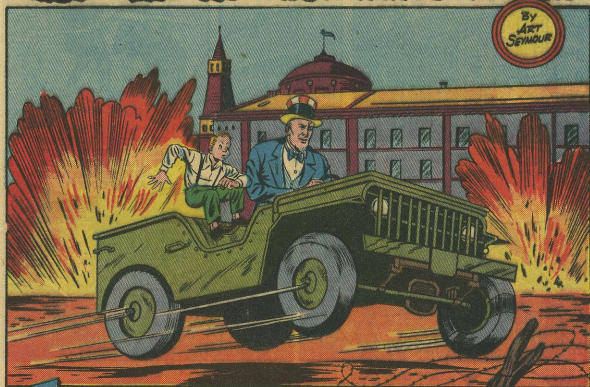
☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$3.79 (a saving of 15¢)

## Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

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# UNCLE



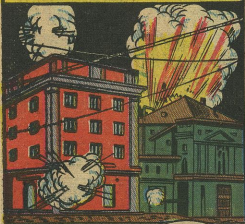
**T**HE RUSSIANS LOST MORE THAN THE TOWN! THERE WERE CERTAIN DIPLOMATIC SECRETS IN AN ABANDONED BRIEF CASE LEFT IN A HOTEL ROOM ... IN A HOTEL WHICH HAD BECOME THE LAST FORTRESS FOR A VALIANT STAND BY THE EMBATTLED SURVIVORS STILL HOLDING OUT AGAINST THE NAZIS!

**UNCLE SAM** PLUNGES INTO THE CENTER OF THE NAZI WEB IN A MILLION-TO-ONE GAMBLE WITH DEATH AND, INCIDENTALLY, LEARNS A FEW SECRETS ABOUT OUR FIGHTING RUSSIAN ALLIES WHEN THE HOTEL BIZUM BECOMES A MINIATURE BATTLEFIELD OF WORLD WAR No. 2!

# SAM



**VIOLENT STREET FIGHTING RAGES IN THE STREETS OF BIZUM, WHERE A NAZI COUNTER-ATTACK HURLS BACK THE DEFENDING RUSSIAN TROOPS!...**



**... AND BY NIGHTFALL, THE NAZI SWASTIKA FLAUNTS ITS CROOKED CROSS FROM A HOUSE TOP...**



**ON AN EMBANKMENT, EAST OF THE TOWN, THE RUSSIANS REGROUP THEIR BATTERED FORCES!**

OUR GARRISON IN THE HOTEL BIZUM IS CUT OFF!

THERE'S NO HOPE! THEY CAN'T GET OUT NOW!



SIR, THE AMERICAN CONSUL WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOU!

SEND HIM TO ME AT ONCE!



I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE HASTY MANNER IN WHICH WE WERE FORCED TO DEPART, MR. CONSUL! THE NAZIS TOOK US BY SURPRISE!

I'VE JUST NOW DISCOVERED THAT I LEFT A MOST IMPORTANT BRIEF-CASE IN MY HOTEL ROOM! IT MUST BE RECOVERED AT ALL COSTS!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE NAZIS CONTROL THE TOWN!

THAT BRIEF CASE CONTAINS THE SCHEDULES FOR LEND-LEASE SHIPMENTS TO YOUR COUNTRY! IF THOSE SCHEDULES FALL INTO NAZI HANDS, IT WILL BE A MAJOR DISASTER FOR OUR CAUSE!

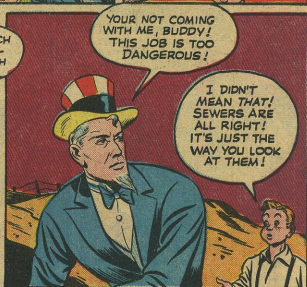
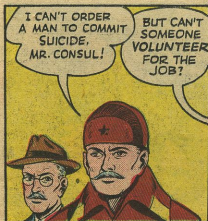


I CANT ORDER AN ATTACK! THE NAZIS WOULD SLAUGHTER US LIKE CATTLE IN THE FIELDS!

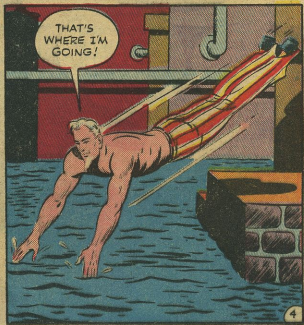
ISN'T THERE SOMEONE WHO CAN GET THROUGH?













BREASTING  
THE  
POWERFUL  
CURRENT,  
UNCLE  
SAM  
DOGGEDLY  
FIGHTS  
HIS  
WAY  
AHEAD...

CAN'T  
HOLD MY  
BREATH  
MUCH  
LONGER!



WHEW! I  
BEGAN TO  
THINK THERE  
WASN'T ANY  
OUTLET TO  
THIS!



THIS  
LOOKS LIKE  
THE BASEMENT  
OF THE HOTEL  
BIZUM!

WELL, THE RUSSIANS  
AREN'T GUARDING THIS  
PLACE VERY WELL! ANYBODY  
COULD COME IN HERE  
WITHOUT BEING SEEN!



RAISE  
UP THE  
HANDS!

MARCH!

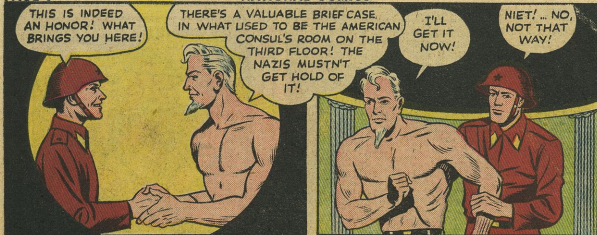
I GUESS  
I SPOKE TOO  
SOON!

WE FOUND  
THIS MAN IN  
THE BASEMENT,  
CAPTAIN IVAN!

UNCLE  
SAM!





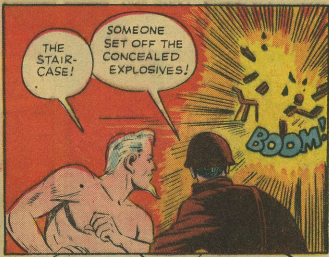
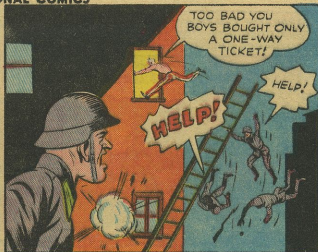
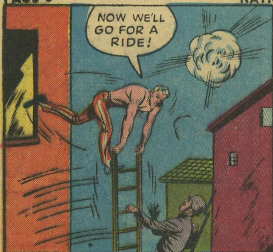




ABRUPTLY THE STREET OUTSIDE THE HOTEL BIZUM EXPLODES INTO LIFE, AS THE NAZI STORM THE ENTRANCE AND ENCOUNTER WITHERING FIRE!

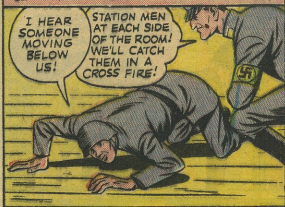








WHILE, DIRECTLY ABOVE UNCLE SAM...



STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS TEAR A PATH THROUGH THE FLOOR!





JUST ONE LAST THING BEFORE WE LEAVE!

HURRY! WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE ACTION!

THEY'RE WAITING FOR US OUT THERE!

WE WON'T DISAPPOINT THEM!

**YELLING A FIERCE WAR CRY, THE BRAVE RUSSIANS ERUPT INTO THE HOTEL LOBBY!**

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

BANG!

RAT TAT TAT

BAM!

19

**БАМ!**

**BANG!**

RAT  
TAT  
TAT

19

GIVING NO QUARTER, THE RUSSIANS BATTLE TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE HOTEL BIZUM!



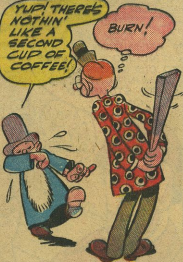
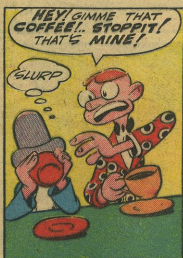
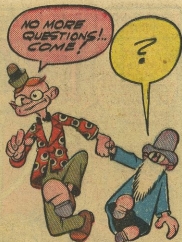
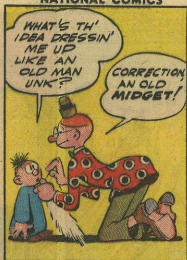
LATER... OUTSIDE THE TOWN...



YOU CAN SEE UNCLE SAM IN ACTION, IN EVERY THRILLING ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!

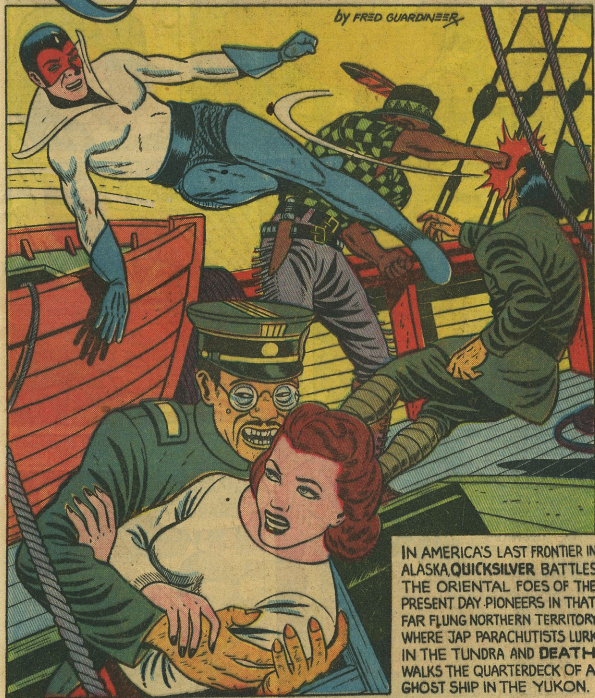


# WINDY BREEZE



# QUICKSILVER

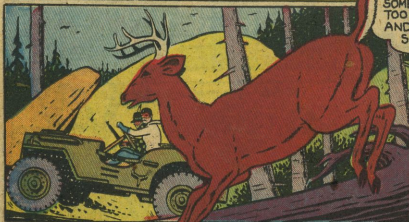
by FRED GUARDINEER



IN AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER IN ALASKA, QUICKSILVER BATTLES THE ORIENTAL FOES OF THE PRESENT DAY. PIONEERS IN THAT FAR FLUNG NORTHERN TERRITORY WHERE JAP PARACHUTISTS LURK IN THE TUNDRA AND DEATH WALKS THE QUARTERDECK OF A GHOST SHIP IN THE YUKON.



IN THE MUSKIE WILDERNESS OF ALASKA, QUICKSILVER AND HIS INDIAN FRIEND, SHOSHONE SEARCH FOR JAP PARACHUTISTS REPORTED IN THE VICINITY.



PROBABLY THESE JAPS ARE JUST A RUMOR - OR SOME TRAPPER HAD TOO MUCH FIREWATER AND THOUGHT HE SAW THEM.

WE BETTER MAKE SURE. NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THE JAPS WILL DO!



C'MON, WE'LL INSPECT THAT HUNTER'S SHACK IT SEEMS OCCUPIED!



LOOK! A MAN...MURDERED! MAYBE THERE ARE JAPS HEREABOUTS!



HE WROTE WITH BLOOD ON THE FLOOR, BEFORE HE DIED! IT SAYS J-A-P!

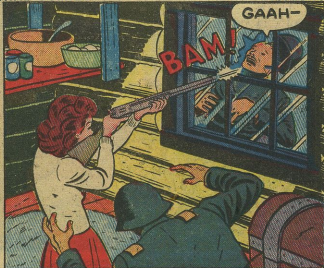
JAPS! WE BETTER BEAT IT TO WIDOW BAILEY'S PLACE! HER CABIN'S TEN MILES FROM HERE.

BUT ALREADY THE JAPS ARE STORMING THE LONELY CABIN.



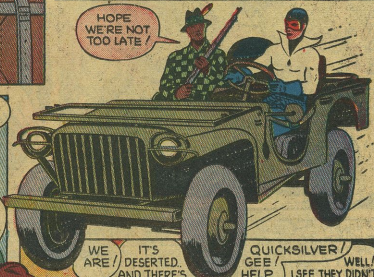
IT IS REPORTED ONLY WOMAN AND CHILD LIVE HERE - CHARGE!

JAPS!



MEANWHILE QUICKSILVER AND SHOSHONE RACE THEIR JEEP OVER THE MOUNTAINOUS TRAIL.

HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!



WE ARE! IT'S DESERTED.. AND THERE'S A DEAD JAP! SHE SURE PUT UP A FIGHT!

QUICKSILVER! GEE! HELP ME AND MY MOM, WILL YA?

WELL! I SEE THEY DIDN'T GET YOU! SURE WE'LL HELP YOU, MY FRIEND. WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?







FOOTPRINTS/  
THEY WENT TOWARD  
THE OLD  
SHIP!

I GUESS GHOSTS AREN'T  
THE ONLY INHABITANTS OF  
THAT SHIP... LET'S GO / IT'S  
DARK ENOUGH NOW TO  
SLIP ON BOARD!

SH-H-H-  
I HEAR  
VOICES!

SUDDENLY  
OUT OF THE  
DARKNESS  
A JAP  
SENTRY  
POUNCES ON  
QUICKSILVER.

AH!  
I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
A CHANCE TO  
GO INTO  
ACTION!

GOTCHA,  
MISTER  
JAP!

THIS'LL  
PUT YOU IN  
THE LAND OF  
DREAMY  
DREAMS!

POW!

I'LL HAVE A  
LOOK BELOW -

TELL ME  
HOW MANY  
SOLDIERS ARE  
STATIONED AT  
KAMCHATKA!

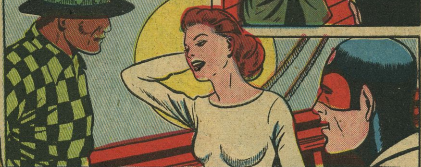
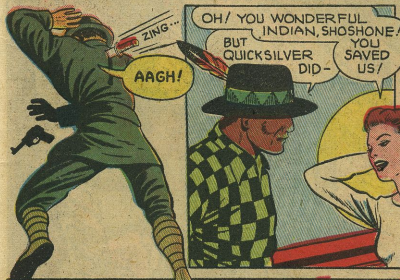
NO!  
NEVER - OOOH!  
STOP, STOP!  
LET ME GO -  
AAGH!







BUT FROM THE REAR OF THE JAP, SHOSHONE YELLS AN OLD TRIBAL WARHOOP!

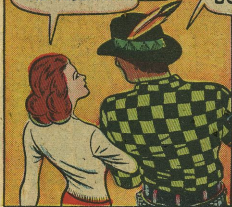


YOU MUST COME HOME WITH ME AND MY BOY... WE NEED A HIRED MAN WHO CAN HELP US AND WHO KNOWS THE WILDERNESS!

I CAN HUNT, FISH, AND TRAP... BUT AS FOR DOING HOUSEWORK - UGH!

HEY! WHAT AM I SAYING?! QUICKSILVER, HELP ME! TAKE ME WITH YOU!

NOT THIS TIME, SHOSHONE! I'LL BE SEEING YOU WHEN I COME THIS WAY AGAIN! YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO HELP MRS. BAILEY WITH THE DISHES / HA, HO!



**QUICKSILVER**  
STRIKES AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF AMERICA AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S  
**NATIONAL COMICS**





THE UNKNOWN, AT THE REQUEST OF THE ALLIED HIGH COMMAND INVESTIGATES AN ADDRESS FOUND ON A DEAD SPY - OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CELLAR OF THE ADDRESS IN QUESTION ...



NH! THREE RENEGADES WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS EXTENDING BACK FAR BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THIS WAR.



PIANO CHARLEY - A TRAITOROUS ENGLISHMAN, BUT PRINCIPALLY A SAFE CRACKER...



MARION WELLS - HALF CASTE WIFE OF THE DUTCHMAN - AN ETHERIAL BEAUTY BUT UNDERNEATH, A HARD RUTHLESS AND TREACHEROUS WENCH...



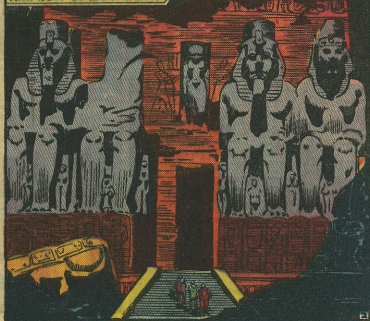
THE DUTCHMAN - HOW OR WHERE HE CAME FROM IS A MYSTERY - EXPERT EXTRAORDINARY AT FORGERY AND ENGRAVING BANKNOTES...



AND THEIR WHEREABOUTS? WHY THEY'RE ON A BIG JOB IN EGYPT, IN THE WESTERN VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.



EGYPT - LAND OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE - VALLEY OF THE Nile WHERE STANDS THE FOUR COLOSSI OF RAMESES II BEFORE THE GREAT TEMPLE, THIS IS WHERE OUR SPIES ARE NOW OPERATING...







A SHORT TIME LATER AT A HIDE OUT IN THE HEART OF THE VILLAGE.



A TERRIFIC FIGHT FOLLOWS BUT DURING THE MAD SCRAMBLE MARION WELLS MAN-AGES TO ESCAPE.



LATER AT THE VILLAGE JAIL

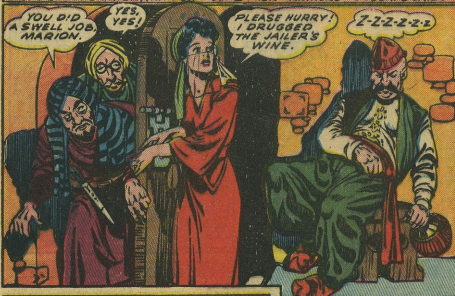


I WONDER WHERE SHE IS? I WON'T REST UNTIL SHE....





A SHORT TIME LATER, MARION HELPS HER PARTNERS TO ESCAPE JAIL.



THE NEXT DAY THE UNKNOWN RECEIVES A TAUNTING LETTER FROM THE MURDEROUS THREE TELLING OF THE ESCAPE AND CONTAINING A THREAT OF COMING DISASTER TO THE UNITED NATIONS



AND THE THREAT PROVES VERY REAL! THE UNPROVOKED ATTACK ON AN ENGLISH FLYER BY JAPANESE. HE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES AND HIS BODY RIDDLED WITH BULLETS...

AND THE MUCH DISCUSSED TORPEDOING OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP IN THE PACIFIC...



AN UPRISING ON THE MEXICAN BORDER PLANNED BY THESE VICIOUS SPIES TO CAUSE FRICTION BETWEEN TWO PEACEFUL NATIONS...



I'M DETERMINED TO FINISH THIS BUSINESS ONCE AND FOR ALL AND AT LAST HAVE A PLAN.



FIRST A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CROWDED VILLAGE STREETS.



THERE THEY ARE! I THOUGHT I'D FIND THEM HERE.

WE'LL ALL TAKE A TRIP.

WE HAVE A PLANE HIDDEN IN THE DESERT.

LET'S GO! ITS LATE! WE HAVE QUITE A WAY TO GO!



AWHILE LATER...



WELL, HERE WE ARE AT LAST.



THE UNKNOWN HAD PLANNED FOR THIS TURN OF EVENTS...

THERE THEY GO!



ATTENTION! CALLING MURDEROUS THREE! I NOW HAVE A PLANE ALSO. THIS IS THE END OF THE CHASE... WILL YOU LAND YOUR PLANE OR DO I HAVE TO SHOOT YOU DOWN?



I SUGGEST YOU TRY TO GET US, MY AMBITIOUS ONE.

YOU THINK WE'LL MAKE IT?

THE UNKNOWN.



UGH! THIS IS THE F-I-N-I-S-H!



I'LL FOLLOW THEM DOWN AND WATCH THEM CRASH IN FLAMES. A FITTING END FOR THE MURDEROUS THREE.



THESE ARE THE MAPS AND SECRET CODE BOOKS THAT I SALVAGED FROM THE WRECKED PLANE.

HM, THE BLIGHTERS! ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT - TOO!

GOSH YES!



DUCEDLY CLEVER OF THE MURDEROUS THREE, TO DISGUISE THEIR REAL ACTIVITIES OF SABOTAGE, BY PRETENDING TO ROB A TOMB.

I'VE HAD SOME TOUGH CASES - THIS ONE HAD ME STEPPING.



READ ABOUT THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE UNKNOWN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS



# PROFESSOR NODDLE

and his assistant - **MORGUEN**

HEY! CAN'T YOU GUYS READ?

-- SORRY TO HAVE DISTURBED YOU, SIR! LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM **PROFESSOR NODDLE**! AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, **MORGUEN**! SPEAKING AS A SCIENTIST, I MUST TELL YOU THAT I DO NOT BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

NEITHER DO I! ESPECIALLY THE SCAREY KIND!

WE'RE LIES  
**JOE DOAKE**  
MAY HE  
REST IN  
PEACE

BY  
**LAZARUS**

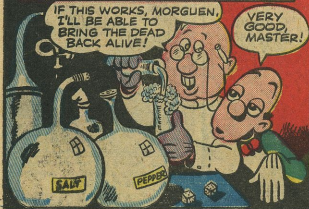
**P**ROFESSOR NODDLE, WORLD FAMOUS SCIENTIST AND INVENTOR, IS HARD AT WORK AT THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY ....

IF THIS WORKS, MORGUEN, I'LL BE ABLE TO BRING THE DEAD BACK ALIVE!

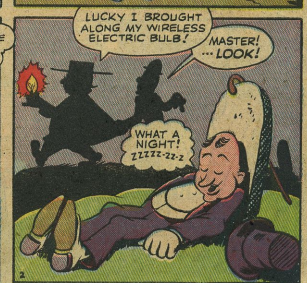
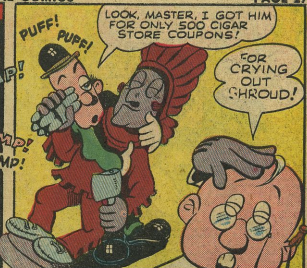
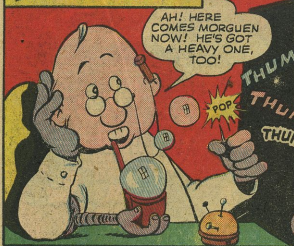
VERY GOOD, MASTER!

ALL WE NEED IS A CORPSE TO WORK ON! -- SUPPOSE YOU GO OUT AND LOOK AROUND FOR ONE!

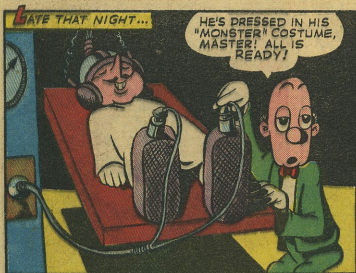
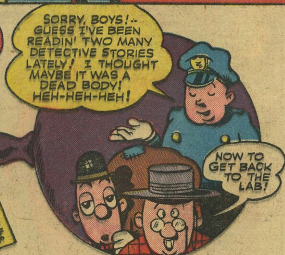
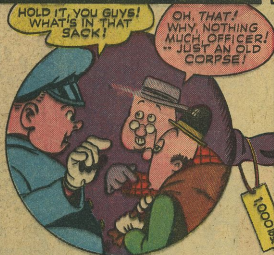
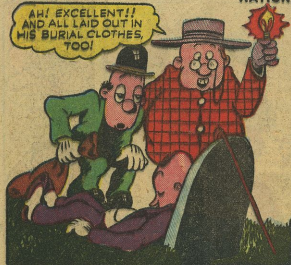
I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFF WITH A STIFF!

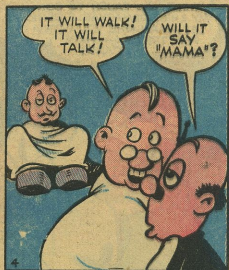
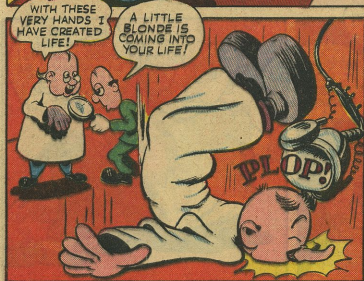
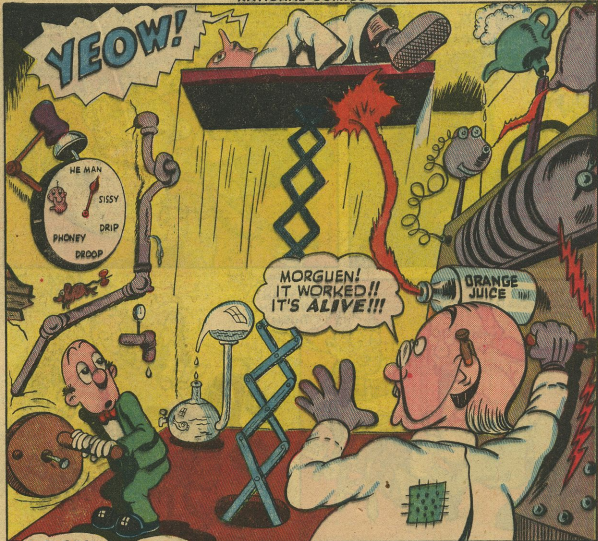


TEN MINUTES LATER...

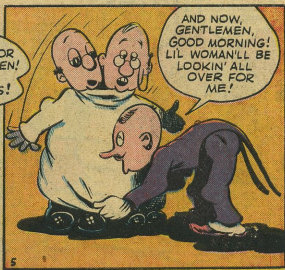
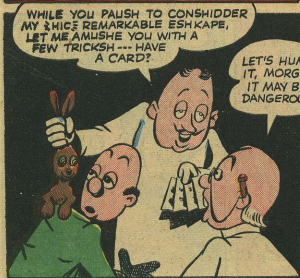
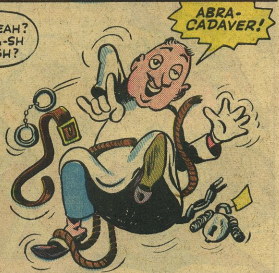
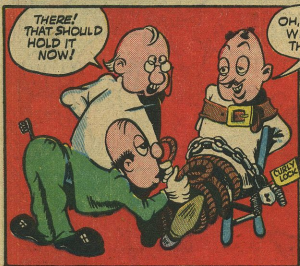
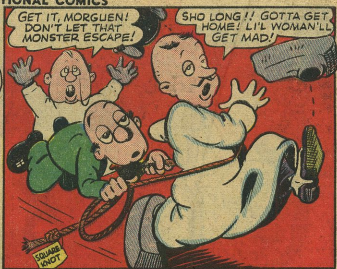


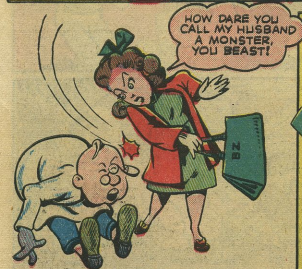
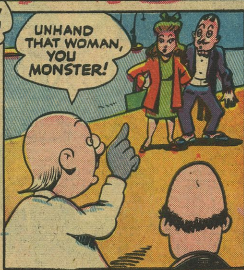




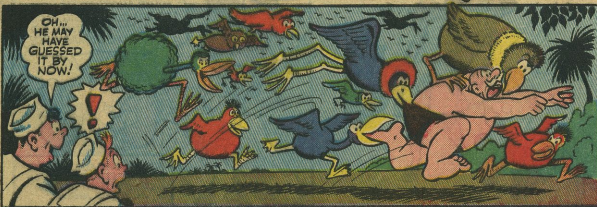
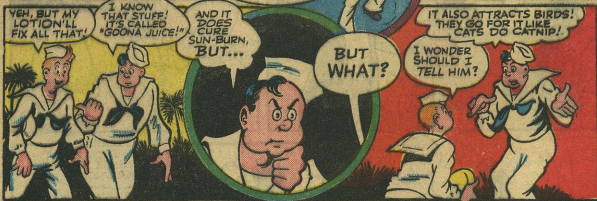
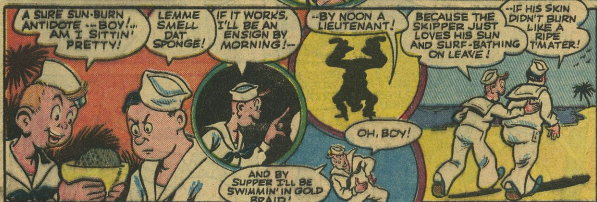












# DESTROYER 171

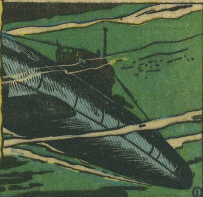
THIS IS  
THE STORY OF  
A SHIP, CRUISING ON  
PATROL DUTY OFF ICELAND.  
IT IS THE STORY OF A  
HIDDEN DANGER BELOW THE  
WATERS THAT GIRD A LONELY  
AMERICAN OUTPOST.  
BUT THIS IS, ABOVE ALL,  
THE STORY OF TWO MEN...  
REARED IN DIFFERENT TRADITIONS  
...SERVING UNDER THE BANNER  
OF TWO HOSTILE AND WARRING  
NATIONS!  
AND SINCE THIS STORY IS  
ABOUT THESE MEN, IT WILL BE  
NECESSARY FOR YOU  
TO KNOW THEM  
BETTER...



THE FIRST  
MAN IS  
KAPITAN  
KARL WILHELM  
FELTIG,  
COMMANDER  
OF THE  
SUBMARINE,  
DEUTSCHLAND  
...NOW LYING  
IN WAIT  
OFF THE  
COAST OF  
ICELAND—



THE DEUTSCHLAND  
IS AN ASSASSIN  
OF THE SEAS...A  
STEALTHY RAIDER  
THAT STRIKES  
WITHOUT  
WARNING. IT  
IS THEREFORE  
FITTING THAT  
KARL WILHELM  
FELTIG SHOULD  
BE IN  
COMMAND—





BORN OF MIDDLE CLASS GERMANS, KARL WILHELM FEUTIG GREW UP IN AN ERA OF STRIFE AND BLOOD-SHED. HE WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO JOIN THE RISING NAZI PARTY.



HE WAS WELL SUITED TO THE WORK BY HIS COMPLETE RUTHLESSNESS, AND A SAVING SENSE OF CAUTION -



AT HEIDELBERG, HE RECEIVED HIS FIRST WOUND IN COMBAT. A RAPIER NICKED HIS FACE IN A DUEL. HE WEARS THE SCAR AS A BADGE OF HONOR, FOR HE BELIEVES THAT THE LETTING OF BLOOD IS A MARK OF MANLINESS...



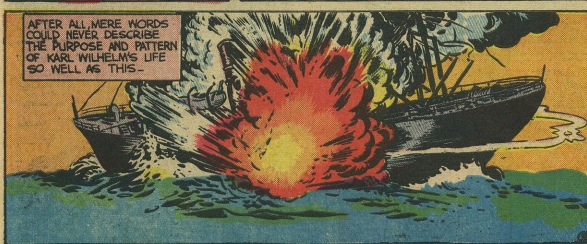
AT AN EARLY AGE, HE JOINED THE NAVY. AS A TRUSTED PARTY MEMBER, HE ROSE IN RANK TO A SUB COMMANDER...

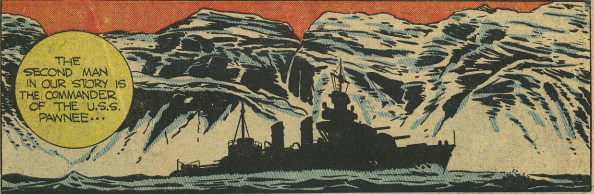


THAT IS KARL WILHELM FEUTIG. THERE ARE MANY MORE DETAILS OF HIS LIFE WHICH SHOULD BE TOLD. BUT WE WILL SHOW ONLY ONE MORE...



AFTER ALL, MERE WORDS COULD NEVER DESCRIBE THE PURPOSE AND PATTERN OF KARL WILHELM'S LIFE SO WELL AS THIS -



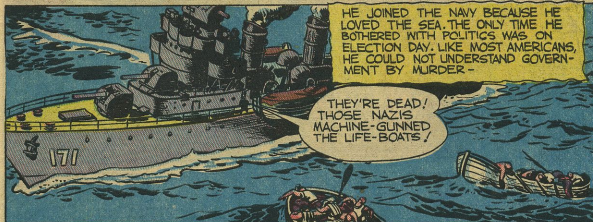


THE  
SECOND MAN  
IN OUR STORY IS  
THE COMMANDER  
OF THE U.S.S.  
PAWNEE...

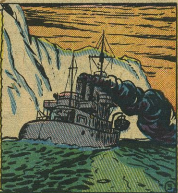
LIEUT. COMMANDER HARVEY BLAKE  
WAS RAISED IN A SMALL AMERICAN  
TOWN, LIKE ANY OF A THOUSAND  
YOU MAY HAVE SEEN -



HE WENT TO COLLEGE BUT THE MOST VIOLENT  
SPORT HE EVER KNEW WAS FOOTBALL. HE NEVER  
MEASURED THE WORTH OF A MAN BY THE BLOOD HE  
SHED -



LET US WARN  
YOU, KARL  
WILHELM FEUTIG,  
THAT THERE IS  
NO DEADLIER  
FIGHTING MAN  
ON THE FACE  
OF EARTH  
OR SEA  
THAN A  
PEACE-LOVING  
LAW-ABIDING  
YANKEE WHO  
GETS MAD!!





SHORTLY AFTER THE SEARCH FOR THE NAZI SUB BEGINS -



THEY'VE LOCATED  
THE SUB, SIR!



A BARRAGE OF  
EXPLOSIVES SEARCH  
OUT THE UNDERSEA  
RAIDER -



AND SCORES A NEAR HIT!



WE'D BETTER GO  
UP, HERR KAPITAN!  
THE EXPLOSIVES  
LOOSENED THE PLATES!  
SEAWATER IS FOULING  
THE ENGINES!

YOU IDIOT!  
THEY'RE WAITING  
FOR US UP THERE!



WAIT UNTIL THEY'VE  
PASSED BY! THEN  
MAKE READY ALL  
TORPEDO TUBES!

JA, HERR  
KAPITAN!



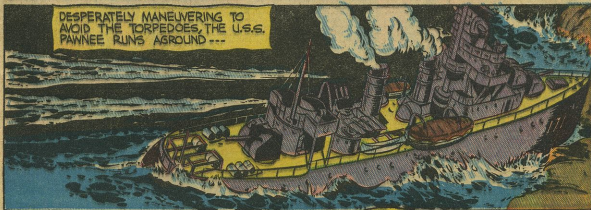
SUDDENLY THE NAZI SUB BREAKS WATER, A HUNDRED YARDS TO STARBOARD-



AND TWO TORPEDOES CUT A WHITE SWATH TOWARD THE U.S.S. PAWNEE!



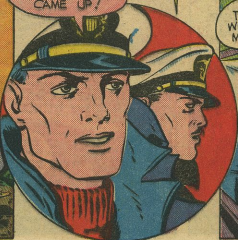
DESPERATELY MANEUVERING TO AVOID THE TORPEDOES, THE U.S.S. PAWNEE RUNS AGROUND ---



SECONDS LATER ANOTHER TORPEDO SLAMS INTO THE HELPLESS SHIP!



THAT SUB COMMANDER WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES! HE LOADED ALL TORPEDO TUBES BEFORE HE CAME UP!



LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DONE FOR, SIR!

ORDERS, SIR! A TROOPSHIP IS PUTTING OUT FROM REYJAVIK! WE'RE ASSIGNED TO CONVOY DUTY!

TELL THEM WE CAN'T MAKE IT!

NO! WAIT!





ORDER UP A HUNDRED CASES OF GUNPOWDER! WE'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS SHIP OFF THE ROCKS!

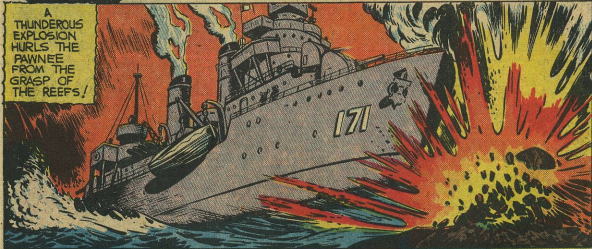


BUT EVEN IF WE GET AFLOAT AGAIN, THE SHIP ISN'T SEAWORTHY! WE COULDN'T STAY ABOVE THE WATER!!

WE'LL STAY AFLOAT LONG ENOUGH TO NAIL THAT SUB, MR. CONROY!!



A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION HURLS THE PAWNEE FROM THE GRASP OF THE REEFS!



MAN THE PUMPS! CHANGE THE COURSE TO POINT ONE-TWO- OH! I HAVE AN IDEA OUR SUB-MARINE FRIEND WILL TRY TO INTERCEPT THAT TROOPSHIP!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE DEUTSCHLAND PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE TRANSPORT'S PROPELLERS—



THIS IS HER COURSE, KAPITAN! THE FOOLS ARE TRAVELING WITHOUT AN ESCORT!

EXCELLENT! SHE WILL MAKE A FAT PRIZE!



BUT AS THE  
SUBMARINE  
BREAKS THE  
SURFACE, A  
TERRIBLE SIGHT  
GREET'S KARL  
WILHELM FEUTIG'S  
ASTONISHED GAZE

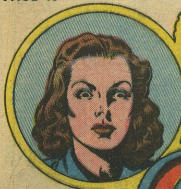


CHARGING LIKE  
A MADDENED  
BULL, THE U.S.S.  
PAWNEE RUNS  
OVER THE  
SUBMARINE--



DESTROYER  
**171**  
APPEARS IN  
ANOTHER  
THRILLING  
STORY IN  
NEXT  
MONTH'S  
**NATIONAL  
COMICS!**





# Policewoman **SALLY O'NEIL**



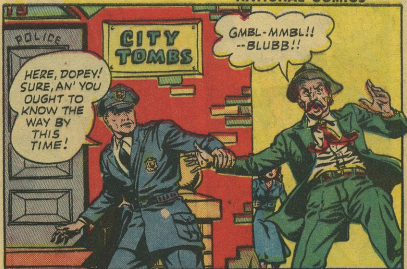
By  
**AL BRYANT**



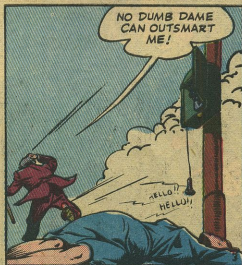
**I**N A SORDID WATERFRONT SECTION OF THE CITY, LIVES THE QUEEN OF THE BEGGARS! ... A TWISTED, CYNICAL OLD WOMAN, SHE EXERTS A SINISTER AND DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE UPON ALL WHO CROSS HER PATH!

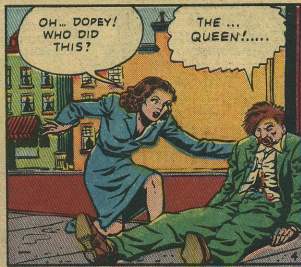
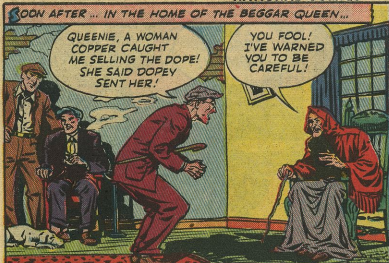
**SALLY O'NEIL,** ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE THE DOPE RACKET, FINDS HERSELF IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE BEGGAR QUEEN AND HER VICIOUS GANG OF BOGUS MENDICANTS!

**READ THIS STORY...  
OF THE STRANGEST  
GROUP OF  
UNDERWORLD  
RACKETEERS  
EVER KNOWN! ...**























# SMOKE in YOUR EYES

THE cloud of Mitsuis darkened the sky above the small group of islanders. They had come out of nowhere and the land crews were unprepared. Talugi Island was the largest of the chain. And on it were stationed the largest portion of fighting forces, plus the entire twin squadron of planes.

Squadron Leader Randall Holmes dived for his ship, calling out to the others to pile in and meet the enemy. In a moment twenty-five ships were lifting from the field and in the air. But they never had time to gain altitude, and the Jap planes began a hot strafing from four thousand feet that caught the American fighters in a bad spot.

As Randall Holmes felt the lead slugs ripping through his wings and peppering the tail assembly, he thought with a somberness that didn't characterize him, "Why the devil don't they get us some decent equipment over here? Not even a listening device that will work. So they sneak up on us and blow us to—"

Randall didn't finish the sentence. A heavy-calibre shell smashed through his fuselage and exploded, blowing two-thirds of the ship's hull away. In a moment the entire plane was ablaze and Randall went overside. Floating down toward the blue vastness of ocean, he had time to do some more thinking. Not only did they need better equipment, they needed something else. And—

"I have it!" said Randall to himself. "I have it. Tomorrow if I have the chance I'm going to dope it out, too!"

The Japs laid plenty of eggs on the island group and accounted for at least seven of the American fighting ships.

"And all because we have no listening device. Or mostly be-

cause of that lack," said Randall Holmes bitterly the next morning.

"There's new equipment on the way over," said Dill Blakely, grinning slyly. "You know when we'll get it."

Randall nodded morosely. "If it's even on the way!" he snapped. "If it is, the Japs will have had time to wipe us out before it gets here."

They had done a lot of damage to the barracks and headquarters building on Talugi Island, and they had practically blasted two of the smaller islands out of the ocean. Not that the Nips were anything to boast about when it came to either dive bombing or straight shooting. They were plenty bad, but when a flock of planes come flying over, spilling eggs, a few of them are bound to hit home. They had been lucky in this raid: most of their bombs had found a target.

Randall Holmes and his remaining flyers did not stage a retaliatory raid on the islands held by the Japs four hundred miles away.

"Let 'em come and get us!" Randall said. "Maybe if they give us a little rest, I'll have time to get my scheme worked out, and then we'll be ready for them!"

Randall figured he had a real solution to the problem of combating the Jap air raids. The air was just right in this sector of the Pacific. He had a fairly complete laboratory, and he had the time to expend—if the Nips laid off for a few more days.

Randall worked hard the next two days, and by the end of the third—during which time there was not a sign of Jap raiding planes—he perfected the scheme with which he hoped to confound the Nip flyers. He made a few

tests inside the lab, but they were not what he had expected.

"Maybe it'll work differently outside," suggested Lieut. Moran. "Or maybe it'll blow away."

"That's the thing that worries me," answered Randall. "If I can't make this stuff hang in the air I won't have anything. It's got to work."

Lieut. Moran said, "Why don't we test it right now?"

"Exactly what I plan. Everything is all set. Come on!"

They packed the equipment necessary for the test on a small hand truck and started for an area of the island where there were no obstacles. They had set up most of the apparatus when the siren screamed. Air raid!

"Come on, let's duck!" cried Lieut. Moran, suiting action to words. He made a dive into a clump of bushes, Holmes close behind him.

"Dog gone!" said Randall, "they would pull a raid when we're all set to try the gadget!"

The Mitsuis came over then in a droning V and began dropping bombs on the island. There had been plenty of time for the planes to get off the ground and this time the boys were ready for the Nips. Randall and Lieut. Moran watched five Jap planes burst into flames in mid-air and crash in the ocean. Two of the enemy ships came down then, with nose guns spouting hot lead. Several .50 calibre guns began snorting on the ground, but it is extremely hard to hit a plane flying at two hundred miles an hour and only about a hundred feet above the ground.

The strafers mowed down the crews of two anti-aircraft guns, but neither of them got away. The

effective shooting of the other ground crews got them just as they were lifting their noses for the upper air. They crashed, one of them landing on its tail not a hundred paces from where Lieut. Moran and Randall crouched.

The raid was over in fifteen minutes, and the few Jap planes that were not hit, got away in the gathering dusk.

It was getting too dark for the two soldiers to try their experiment, so they decided to put it off till morning.

The next morning was clear and a faint breeze came in from the west.

"Excellent weather for the test," said Randall. "The breeze is just about right. Let's get going."

It took them an hour to set up the apparatus and half of that to get the test started. But once under way, the wind took care of the rest.

Squadron Leader Mel Handley glanced below with a quizzical look in his eyes. "Now what the dickens is all that?" he asked himself. He cut in his radio. "Any of you birds know what that is downstairs?"

Negative replies came back over the two-way.

"Where the heck is Talugi Island?" one of the flyers asked. "It was there a few minutes ago, but I'll be darned if I can see it now!"

It was true. The island was nowhere in sight, nor were the dozen or more other islands in the group visible. All the flyers could see from the air was a vast expanse of ocean and, where the island had been a grayish mass of cloud.

"How the devil are we going to set down?" Handley said into the transmitter.

"I'm going down to take a look-see," said one of the pilots. He dived his ship and Mel Handley followed. The first pilot soon found himself diving through what appeared to be a thick smoke

screen, and he was forced to pull out because the dense stuff got no clearer near earth. His altimeter showed 600 feet. Mel Handley overshot him and pulled out at two hundred. Immediately below him he could barely make out what looked like green vegetation.

"Must be the island, or one of them," he said. "But where the heck is the landing field?"

Mel winged over and came back, flying at 150 feet, and this time he spotted the field. He signalled the others, ordering them to come down to 150 and keep out a sharp eye.

It was at this point that a flock of Mitsuis took off from a Jap carrier approaching the island some hundred miles off. The Jap pilots soon spotted the grayish mass below and it was a startled bunch of Nips who circled the ever-widening cloud mass. They dropped a few bombs, but all of them fell into the sea.

Randall Holmes went up then with a small group of fighting ships and they came on the Japs from the rear. Cannon and machine guns snarled for a few moments and a half dozen of the Zeros fell out and came twisting earthward. Then the dog fight was on in earnest.

One Yank plane exploded and fell through the cloud mass. But that was the extent of the casualties. By the time the remaining Japs were chased out of the sky, all the American pilots knew just how to burrow through the grayish cloud and land.

"The strange thing is," said Randall, "the darn stuff keeps getting larger and larger. There doesn't seem to be any way to stop it from growing."

"So what?" said one of the soldiers. "Let it grow. I think that makes it all the better."

The Jap fleet had moved in by now and was hovering a few miles off the spot where they figured the islands were. Consternation reigned aboard all their ships. Not one of them had ever

seen anything like the cloud mass, and they had come to the conclusion that Nature was in cahoots with the Yanks.

About four-thirty that afternoon the Jap fleet sneaked up close and cut loose a broadside at the cloud mass. The shells screamed across the islands and fell into the sea. Not one of them found a target. Yet the Japs were not going to give up that easily. They peppered away at the cloud mass, lowering their range, until eventually the shells were falling on the islands. The island gunners were at a loss to know how to combat the enemy fire. They could draw no bead through the smoke screen.

"I think your idea has backfired," Lieut. Moran told Randall. "We'll be blown to pieces and not be able to give 'em back a burst."

Randall had been thinking. He still had the smoke screen apparatus intact. If he could only—

Randall stowed the test model in the bomb compartment of a fighter plane and took off. He flew north, away from the enemy ships and when he was flying at a great altitude, he turned and came back over the Jap fleet. He had an extra parachute in the cockpit. This he broke out and fastened the smoke screen apparatus to its lines and harness. Making allowances for the wind drift, he threw the chute out, after starting the tiny fog machine going.

By the time he got back over Talugi, the Jap fleet was invisible in a dense gray fog. Now the tables were turned. The American flyers took off and headed for the second smoke screen, a few miles away. It was no job to drop their bombs into the small cloud mass below. Explosion after explosion followed the rain of bombs; most of them had found their marks. By the time the cloud mass would dissipate, there would be little left of the Nippon Navy.

There's little fighting back a fellow can do with smoke in his eyes!

# CHIC CARTER

## THE CASE OF THE YOGA YEGGS

MAYBE I'M NOSEY...  
BUT THESE JOINTS  
FASCINATE ME!

HTH  
HAMADRABA  
YOGI

REPULSIVE REARDON AND  
LOATHSOME LOUIE TAKING  
YOGA LESSONS! OF ALL  
THE UNEXPLAINABLE MYSTERIES!

SHHH! DON'T  
DISTURB THEM!  
THEY ARE IN  
A YOGA  
TRANCE!

YOU'RE  
TELLING  
ME?

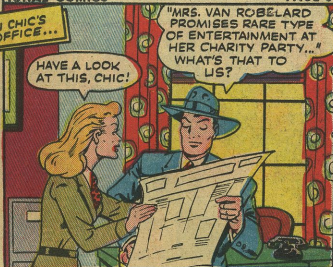


FINE TIMES WE LIVE IN! MOBSTERS PRACTICING YOGA! WHAT NEXT?



IN CHIC'S OFFICE...

HAVE A LOOK AT THIS, CHIC!



"MRS. VAN ROBELARD PROMISES RARE TYPE OF ENTERTAINMENT AT HER CHARITY PARTY... WHAT'S THAT TO US?"

I'VE WANGLED AN INVITATION TO THAT PARTY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET YOU TO TAKE ME ANY PLACE!

OF ALL THE PLACES TO GO FOR A GOOD TIME!... MRS. VAN ROBELARD'S PARTY! OH-HH!



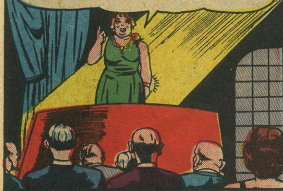
AT THE ROBELARD PARTY ...

SO FAR, I'M BORED... HOW ABOUT YOU, GAY?

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO THE ENTERTAINMENT!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE PERSUADED THE GREAT YOGI, T. HAMADRABA, TO COME HERE TONIGHT WITH TWO OF HIS DISCIPLES.... THEY WILL DEMONSTRATE THEIR WONDERFUL YOGA METHODS AND THEN SHOW YOU ALL HOW TO DO IT!



T. HAMADRABA! WHERE'E I HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE?



CHIC-- SEE THOSE PEARLS MRS. SONDEFELLER IS WEARING! I HEAR THEY'RE WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!

THEY DO NOTHING TO IMPROVE HER FACE!





NOW I REMEMBER... THAT'S REPULSIVE REARDON, LOATHSOME LOUIE AND THE PHONY I SAW GIVING THEM LESSONS!

FIRST A DEMONSTRATION OF A FEAT IMPOSSIBLE TO PERFORM WITHOUT THE MOST COMPLETE CONCENTRATION...



AND NOW WE WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT IS DONE! FIRST, YOU MUST CONCENTRATE DEEPLY ON WHAT I SAY... THEN YOU WILL WAIT FOR MY COMMAND WHICH I WILL CONVEY TO YOU BEFORE COMING OUT OF THE YOGA TRANCE!

SOMETHING'S COOKING HERE! LOATHSOME LOUIE, REPULSIVE REARDON, A SLICK FAKIR, A SET OF PEARLS WORTH HALF A MILLION... ADD IT UP AND WHAT DO YOU GET? I'D BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN!



NOW ..... EVERYBODY... CONCENTRATE!

OOPS! THERE GOES MY GIRDLE!



THIS IS FUN, CHIC! -- I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A TRANCE! -- WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE?









WHAT A  
LIFE! NOTHING  
LIKE THE COUNTRY  
FOR A REAL REST!

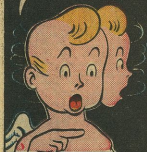


FRESH AIR-FRESH EGGS-  
FRESH MILK - FRESH  
BUTTER...



**BUTTER!?**

THE LOW- DOWN  
CROOKS, STEALING  
UNCLE SAM'S  
FOOD SUPPLY!!



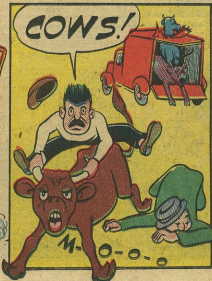
TAKE IT EASY POP  
THEY WON'T GET  
AWAY!!



**MILK?!?**

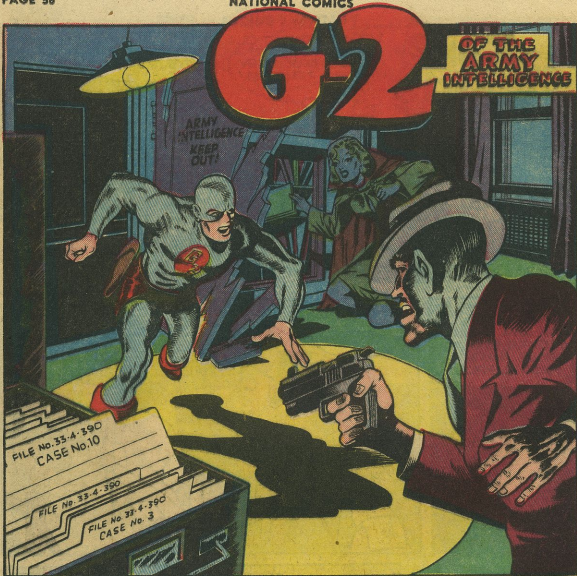


**COWS!**

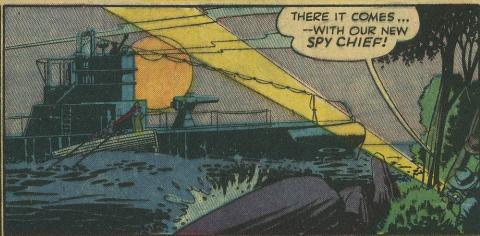


REVERSING FLUID-  
CHANGED THE BUTTER  
BACK TO MILK- THE  
MILK BACK TO COWS!



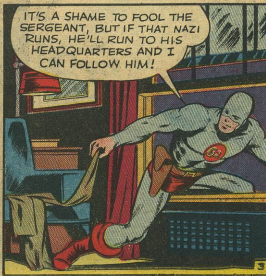


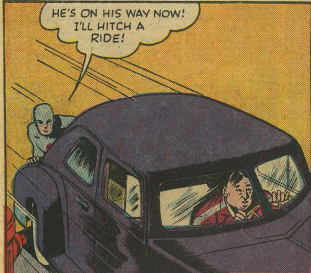
**T**HE  
GREATEST  
WEAPON  
THAT CAN  
BE  
EMPLOYED  
AGAINST  
MEN...  
A  
**W**OMAN!



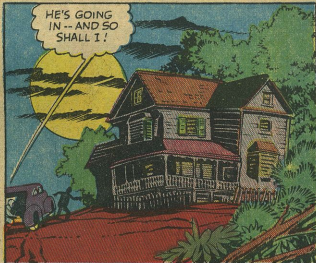




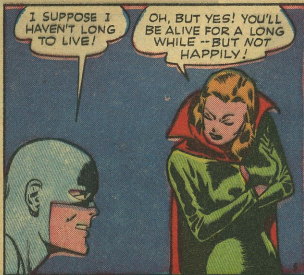


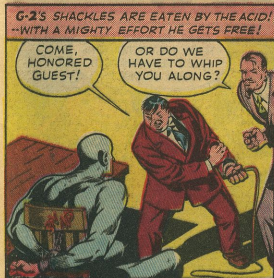


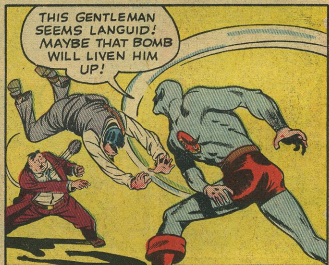
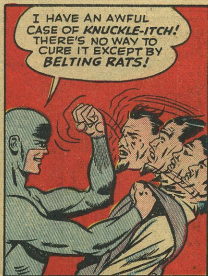
ALONG  
A  
WOODLAND  
ROAD  
LEADING  
TO A  
HALF-  
HIDDEN  
OLD  
HOUSE...



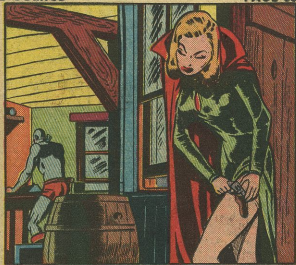


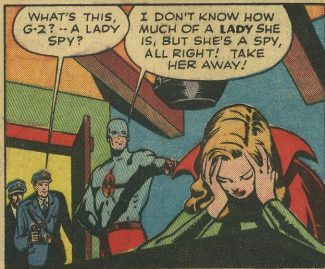












**CL** AGAIN THRILLS YOU WITH FAST-MOVING ACTION IN THE NEXT **NATIONAL COMICS**.

**HI FELLERS!**  
**EARN MONEY, PRIZES**  
 and  
**WAR SAVINGS STAMPS**



BASEBALLS  
 KNIVES  
 FISHING EQUIPMENT  
 SCOUT EQUIPMENT  
 STERNO STOVE - GAMES  
 MODEL AIRPLANES  
 WAR STAMPS - ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

How would you like to have a real working model of the famous BOEING FLYING FORTRESS! Man alive, it's a honey! You can build this plane yourself—then fly it! Think of the thrill you'll get when you send her into the blue for the first time. Can't you see those four propellers flashing in the sun as your FLYING FORTRESS heads into the wind—climbing higher and higher, then leveling off—headed straight for her target? You bet it's a thrill. All parts cut out and ready to assemble. Wing span, 32 inches. A real he-man flying model.

But that's not all! SEND FOR MY PRIZE BOOK TODAY. It's packed from cover to cover with the kind of prizes you've always wanted. A wrist watch, woodsman axe, camera and games. A fishing kit, complete with rod and reel and all the fixings, and best of all—War Savings Stamps. All these things will come to you as a successful Crowell Junior Salesman. Your own business—cash profits, and many swell prizes. START TODAY. CUT OUT AND MAIL THE COUPON TODAY.



CLIP COUPON AND MAIL ON PENNY POST-CARD TODAY

**Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996**  
**The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company**  
**Springfield, Ohio**

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes. Start me at once and tell me how to earn cash and War Savings Stamps.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Here's How To Start!

Let me start you earning money, prizes and War Stamps right away. It's easy. It's fun. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine (one of the most popular weeklies in America) to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will take only a few hours of your spare time and will not interfere with school or play. Just fill out the coupon or write me a penny post card to let me know you want to start at once. My address is: **Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 996, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.**



# Wow! Oh! Boy!

## What MUSCLE... What a BUILD... What SPEED!

I'll tell you—You're Way Up Front With

## STRENGTH LIKE THIS!

Let me show you what I can do for you!

I know what you want! Strength! Endurance! Speed! A body to be proud of! You want tough, hard muscle on your shoulders, arms, back, and legs. Maybe you want to get rid of some of that fat. Maybe you're sick and tired of being kidded by the other fellows. Yes! I know what you want! Give me a chance to give it to you, and if in a short time you don't agree that I've done my job, I don't want any of your money!

## POWER PLUS Means Vitality, Energy, Strength!

All my life I've been making big muscles out of little ones. I've trained thousands of average boys and young men. I've trimmed down heavyweights. I've built up scrawny little fellows. I've done it in person; I've done it thousands of miles away! I've developed an amazing method called Power-Plus, the most original system for physical development ever

devised. There's nothing exactly like it anywhere—at any price. I work on your shoulders, your arms, legs, back, and chest. You must see definite results—or you don't pay! At the end of a short training period you must FEEL and LOOK like a different person, or I'll refund every cent you paid!

How'd YOU like to be able to defend yourself against all comers—to protect others if necessary—ready for anything?



How'd YOU like to win in the hundred yard dash—or run a mile without becoming winded?



How'd YOU like to be physically fit for an officer's rating in Army, Navy or Coast Guard? You may be in the Army some day and you'd certainly want to win your stars or bars.

How'd YOU like to be able to beat the crowd in athletic contests—prove your skill, strength, and speed?



## Beat the Other Fellow to the PUNCH!

I want every boy in America to have this opportunity! Yes, and every young man! If you're getting on toward Army age, I want to get you ready for officer material—for a bigger, huskier physique.

I want to make a winner of you! I don't care how old you are, where you live, or what you do, my proposition goes for YOU. Get started before the rest of the crowd does!

## This Is the Most Remarkable Offer I've Made!

I'll give you my latest streamlined Power-Plus Course that is BETTER than my Hollywood Course that thousands of others gladly paid me \$25.00 for. I'll give you every fundamental Power-Plus principle—VIBRO-PRESSURE, TONIC RELAXATION, PSYCHO-POWER, RHYTHMIC PROGRESSION. I'll give you the original, specially posed Photo-Instruction Charts—thirty-nine of them, each almost a foot wide and a foot and a half long. I'll give you the original BINDER-EASEL to hold the Charts with complete instructions on every detail of your routine. I'll give you the complete original TRAINING TABLE TALKS with full advice on the muscular system, food, bathing and other subjects. I'll send you all the essence of what I have learned in physical culture for the last 20 years!

All I ask you to pay for ALL OF IT—entire and complete—is only \$1.95. Think of it! That's not a down payment, not the cost of a single lesson, but \$1.95 FULL PRICE—for EVERYTHING!

### And Here's My MONEY BACK OFFER!

Use all the materials I send you. If you don't agree they are the biggest money's worth you have ever had, or if they don't do a tremendous job for you, mail them back any time in FIVE WEEKS, and I'll make a complete refund. Just fill out the coupon and mail to me. When your package arrives, simply pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Or, if you prefer, enclose \$1.95 IN FULL, and I'll pay the postage myself. JOE BONOMO, 80 WILLOUGHBY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Better Than My  
\$25.00 COURSE

Only \$1.95

FULL PRICE

Show this to Your Mother or Dad!  
TO PARENTS: Encourage your son to care for and improve his body. Give him every chance for health, strength and self-reliance. Undoubtedly, you know at me and my work. You know you can safely put your son's physical future in my hands. The above letters from Jack Dempsey and Bernard Mcfadden speak for themselves. Sincerely,  
JOE BONOMO

## Read These Two Letters

from Jack Dempsey—

I consider your "POWER PLUS" course tops for all-around physical development—power, strength—endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are meticulous and I cannot endorse your course too highly.

from

Bernard Macfadden—

As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!

## FREE FOR PROMPT ACTION!

5 Inspiration Photo-Prints of 5 famous Muscular Champs. Size 8 x 10, suitable for framing for your room, den, or gym. Quick action gets them. Send coupon today and you get them FREE!

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Just Mail This Coupon

A new streamlined Power-Plus Course that's BETTER than your \$25.00 Hollywood Course! Send it along. I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. I agree to follow your instructions exactly, and if I am not completely satisfied with results I understand I can return your materials and receive full \$1.95 refund AT ANY TIME WITHIN FIVE WEEKS.

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16